

Hy Dunnlets.**A Few Chips From The Kiddy.**

A miss is as good as a mile,
A kiss is as good as a smile;
But three little kings
Are the beautiful things
That build up the celluloid pile.

—Anonymous.

* * *

"You know I just hate notoriety, and somehow I can't escape it," said Hyrum, as he crowded a Silver King dividend check in his lower waistcoat pocket. "I suppose you noted the contents of a certain article which appeared about me some days ago in which I threw a few bunches of molten lava at Miss Van Stuttering. Well, that was wholly uncalled for, and I've been expecting daily to hear from that young lady's brother. If the newspapers of the country are going to force my name in print every time a swell heiress goes crazy about me, they'll have to hire extra talent, because I'm one of those guys who 'loves and rides away,' and you can't tell anything about the next heart smashed till you hear the crash.

* * *

"I was conversin' with Mrs. Leslie Carter once she was complainin' of notoriety same as I was. She said she had to do everything very quietly because the newspaper men hawked her constantly, and that in fact David Tobasco had forbidden her to show any signs of life on that account. 'I can see,' she sez to me, 'what a beautiful character is submerged somewhere down deep in your system, but I can readily understand that your innate modesty won't let it get a play. I'll bet you'd be a good man to a woman, but there again that modesty holds you down.'

"There at last was a woman who understood me, and I thought of the little home that some day might be ours, and wondered if in the years to come, when my collar button rolled under the dresser—would it—oh, would it be hers?

* * *

"Speaking of notoriety, I'm sorry I wasn't here for the debut of the Senator. Of course I'd have been there the first night, fer as I understand it, the city directory (with six exceptions) was cut in the middle and the first part of the alphabet went the first night, and the last half the second. Well, sir, my missin' that made me sorer than a goat. As I understand it, it was a wine crowd, and you know me. This slave life on the rattlers is worse 'en drivin' a hack and you know it.

* * *

"Was you ever plotted against by your friends? Say, ain't it the limit to trust a man even to room-in' with him an' then have him turn. John invited me to a function the other evenin', tellin' me that no bets over 25 cents would be received, and me in my innocence accepted his hospitality. When we got to this party I met a gent called Mickey, who said he wasn't qualified to participate much but would try. We hadn't waltzed me'en ten minutes when two couldn't play, and it was a "jack." John opened and I stayed and raised, and so did Mickey, so did John, and I and Mickey and again and again. I held before me three aces and a king, and I knew they couldn't beat it. I'd hate to tell you all I was goin' to buy with the money. Then the draw and I caught my king. Well, in comparison, takin' candy from

children was a pipe. I bet, John raised, Mickey raised. We were all in. I reached for the sea of blue, wonderin' why those chumps hadn't quit. 'Pardon,' said Mickey, 'this for the good kind dealer, and oh, anguish, oh Corianton, the gent exhibited four sevens. But John forgot, I owe him room rent.'

A Mexican Ballad.

There was a Greaser bold and staid—

Don Gomez del Gomazza—

Who loved a gentle Greaser maid,

The Donna Frontplazza.

Don Gomez rode a mustang proud,

And wore a bloody slasher,

Of all the gallus Greaser crowd

He was the giddiest masher.

Don Gomez once was tempted sore,

Despite of law and order,

To glut his greedy thirst for gore

And cross the Texas border.

"So fare you well, me lady fair—

My pretty little Donna!"

In vain she tore her raven hair—

Her Gomez was a goner.

Then hied he to the Rio Grande,

With Yankee hordes to battle;

He crossed into the promised land,

And went to stealing cattle.

And there, with more than royal pluck,

He did this pleasing duty,

And, meeting with uncommon luck,

He started home with booty.

But, oh! the Yankees, fierce and strong,

While marching out to battle,

Beheld Don Gomez come along

A-driving them there cattle.

They gathered in the festive steers,

And snagged that gallus Greaser,

And, with a round of hoots and jeers,

They hanged him to a tree, sir.

Loud wailed the Greaser maiden fair—

The Donna Frontplazza;

Once more she tore her maiden hair

For Gomez del Gomazza!

—Exchange.

Here! Here!

Robert Sloan was standing in the Onyx Bank a day or two ago when President James McTernay walked in. Robert was gowned in a plain tailor made but James had on a make-up that was a credit to the Nation.

Upon seeing Robert, James squared off and said, "Bob, why do ye go 'round lookin' like that? Why don't ye buy some good clothes?"

"I can't afford to buy good clothes for both of us, Jim," said Robert.

Where They Agree.—The one point on which all Democrats seem to agree is that they want the offices.—Buffalo Express.

Old Saratoga

is a great resort, but you can have just as much pleasure if you resort to the Old Saratoga whiskey sold by Rieger & Lindley. It makes life a little easier, makes the winter a little warmer and it helps your dinner if you aren't going to drink anything during the meal. But if you are—well, they help that, too.

A Dream Dispelled.

You who haven't heard the last bride and groom story from the Palace in San Francisco might as well hear it.

The bride and groom had parted for an hour or two, and on her return to the hotel she went to what she supposed was the door to the right room. It was locked. She couldn't understand that, so knocked, saying in sweetest tones, "Honey, let me in."

No response.

"Honey, please let me in."

No answer.

"Ah, honey, do let me in."

Then came a voice startling in its tone and meaning.

"G'wan, this aint' a beehive, it's a bathroom." She went.

Impossible.—Biggs—They say Mrs. Gabbleton is guilty of an attempt at blackmail.

Diggs—I don't believe it.

Biggs—Why not?

Driggs—No woman on earth would think of accepting "hush money."—Chicago News.

An Awful Fussy Old Man

Goes in the Stickney Cigar Store every day and gets his cigars and smokes them without comment. That is the best argument for the Stickney cigars, because he is a chronic kicker, but the tobacco suits. There are others like him in town who haven't seen the Stickney goods yet. When they do they'll be contented.

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